

# The World

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## PROCESS SERVING EXTRAORDINARY.

A process server who may rightfully be called a Napoleon of his kind pushed his way into a box at the Belasco theatre, leaped from the box to the stage and thrust the long-expected court papers into the hands of the leading actress in full view of the large audience. It was a daring feat which deserves to raise the young man in the estimation of his employer.

But it was something more than that. It was perhaps the most extraordinary insult ever deliberately offered a public assemblage by a member of the community for the furtherance of his business interests.

In order that a lawyer of divorce-court eminence could be enabled to forward a suit in which he had been retained as counsel a celebrated actress was interrupted in her role, the success of her representation was put in jeopardy and an audience that filled the theatre to the doors was subjected to the risk of panic. To those of long memories in the crowded auditorium the leap to the stage from the box instantly recalled Ford's Theatre and the assassin Booth. To all the intruder's presence on the stage suggested something suspicious and alarming because not readily understandable.

We have had the process server in various unwonted guises—as a seductive siren beguiling her way into a man's office, as a mock clubman in evening dress passing the butler at the door with a familiar nod. The deceptions practiced have had the extenuating merit of ingenuity. But in his latest and most objectionable role he has disregarded the personal rights of his victim in a most reprehensible manner.

Certain questions are raised by this unprecedented action by a process server which it will be of public benefit to have definitely determined by a judicial decision. What authority does the law vest in the law-office messenger bearing a court order to invade privacy and to resort to extreme measures of the kind made use of in this instance?

A favorable opportunity is afforded Mr. Belasco to secure a legal definition of the process server's exact status within the law's intent.

## THE BRIDGE FESTIVITIES.

The appropriation of \$20,000 for the opening festivities of the Williamsburg Bridge warrants the community in demanding an ample return for its money, and the itemized particulars indicate that there is not likely to be any disappointment on this ground.

It is to be a gala occasion. According to Alderman Holler there will be soldiers and sailors and public officials present in profusion, music, fireworks, speeches. A procession from the Brooklyn side will meet a procession from the Manhattan side and in the exact centre of the span, where was the line once dividing the two great municipalities, but now obliterated, the official eloquence will burst forth.

It had been hoped that Alderman Holler himself would contribute his share to the day's Ciceronian output, but this hope has been deferred and it is feared defeated. The Alderman is to direct the speaking and his personal participation in it would be in violation of the strict etiquette of the office, we are informed. The regret will be all the more general because there are premonitions of a development in Holler of the qualities of oratory which were admired in the lamented Bridges.

If in default of Holler Tim Campbell can be persuaded to come home from Washington to give us something Western in the issue of the \$20,000 in revenue bonds called for by the occasion will have been more than justified. What Bunker Hill was to Dan's fame the Williamsburg Bridge opening might be to Tim's.

## COPYRIGHT IN CLOTHES.

Detectives are said to have been stationed in parts of the Madison Square Garden to prevent the copying of ladies' costumes by modistes.

An arrest made on this charge would develop interesting consequences. It would throw new light on the question of property rights. Is the wearer of a handsome gown made on novel or ultra-fashionable lines vested in its possession to the extent of preventing the infringement of imitation?

That is to say, if a dress "created" by an exclusive modiste for a society leader and costing up in the thousands shows a style which a Lexington avenue dressmaker thinks she can adapt to the wants of her customers for a tenth of the price, is it permitted the dressmaker to duplicate it without penalty?

Dressmaking has reached such a pitch of artistic excellence that the modiste's rooms have become "studios" and "ateliers" in which superbly beautiful costumes are designed for patrons of long purses. There are dressmakers Van Dykes and Murillos whose works are marvels. Their creations, however, are more readily subject to an imitation which the purchaser of the painter's work does not fear.

The question of trade infringement raised is a comprehensive one, which could be made to cover all articles of feminine adornment from the new hats in Fifth avenue windows to the latest designs in lingerie.

## SPIDER'S RISE IN LIFE.

Not since Pulchre, leaving the car stables for the Madison Square arena, won a blue ribbon at the Horse Show, and Nicodemus, a former feline waif, carried off the honors of the exhibition of cats of quality, has there been so interesting an example of the animal Cinderella as is given by the career of the pony Spider. Once engaged in pulling a Cherry Hill peddler's cart this remarkable animal has gained a Horse Show red ribbon.

In Pulchre and Nicodemus, Bryan Hughes's prize-winning entries, we had the grotesquely humorous. In Spider's changed estate there is an element of pathos.

The diminutive pony had been raised among east side children, who petted and caressed him and gloried in the rides they took behind him around the block at a penny a piece. He was a favorite in the Seward Park region. A horse dealer, seeing the pony one day drawing a cart through Twenty-fourth street, sent a stableman after him and bought him to his daughter's playmate. Since then Spider has lived on the fat of the manger. Gloved hands have petted him and he has grown sleek under his more frequent grooming.

Perhaps Spider was a gypsy horse, son of a noble sire and stolen in childhood, eventually coming into his own, as it happens in the opera. Would he recognize his old-time Cherry Hill friends if he were to see them now as he is a swell?

## Billy Bowwow and Polly Puggdoodle—Billy's Graceful Bow—Wow!



## Why Is a Widow? Eh???????

By  
Nixola Greeley-Smith.

WHAT chance has a poor girl in love against a widow in earnest?

How does a stage coach compare with the Empire State Express?

Where are the last year's answers?

How old is Ann?

Frankly, Ann, it doesn't matter how old you are, how sweet, how fresh, how innocently loving if there is a wise and seriously intended widow on his trail.

Furthermore, a widow's intentions are always serious. Maybe you're prettier, undoubtedly you are fresher. Nevertheless, though she does look wrinkled about the eyes and a little drawn around the jaw, the widow has the inside track. Why? Because she knows there is an inside time when she traveled it so often that she makes easy running.

A widow is like a predigested food. She is always ready and she saves trouble. She is an emotional rechauffe, and there are many persons nowadays who prefer their emotions warmed over.

What are a widow's advantages beside being able to laugh easily when you have to bite your cheeks and stare stupidly out of the window? No one but a widow or a man could tell you that, and it's no use asking the men because they won't.

A young man like your George, for instance, comes to New York. He has a tender mother and a dear old grandmother behind him. It is very lonely in the big city, for his income is of the modest kind that does not allow a young man to appear on Broadway to advantage after dark.

He meets you and he is less lonely. You remind him of the pretty girl whom he used to walk home after school and he likes her because she does not remind him of the other girl. Then he meets the widow and she tells him that he is a "black-eyed devil," and asks with motherly concern whether he wears rubbers, and feels sorry for the poor boy who is ruining his digestion with restaurant cooking. And then he stays to dinner in her cozy flat and he notes how very beautiful her complexion is under the rose pink light. And while he is thinking this she moves a little nearer to the sofa cushions, but she takes the rose pink light with her. Indeed it follows her wherever she goes as persistently as the stage calcium does the star.

What a delightful evening it was, and the next time he meets you he asks you whether you have any more. And you poor little unwedded thing, you answer that they are gray, or blue, or green, or gooseberry, or even if you tell him that they are black you do not think of adding that he is a devil, for you don't dream of the delight that lurks in the being called a devil, especially if one has nodded sleepily over an magazine the night before and turned out the lights in one's hall bedroom at half-past nine.

And the young man makes up his mind that you have no poetry in your nature and that it does not matter that the widow is just a few years older than he. So he marries her and by this judicious economy of the heart acquires a wisely devoted girl who has a touch of the mother and even an interesting dash of the grandmotherly in it. You are left aborning alone and your only consolation is that you are blooming and that she isn't.

What is to be done about it? Why, there is just one thing to be done—revive the finest institution in the world, the great Hindoo custom of suttee, where the wife is burned on her husband's pyre. Abolish widows and give all poor, unprosperous maidens a chance.

## Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

### HER GUESS.

Little Flossie—I wonder why they always write around the contribution plate before the sermon?

Little Tommie—Because so many people wake up cross. I guess—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

### MORE EXPENSIVE.

Fortune Teller—Right man will court you if he is poor but honest.

Patron—Client—Can't you make it a dark man with money?

Fortune Teller—Yes but that will cost you 50 cents more.—Chicago News.

### ONE SHORT.

Patron—I suppose the leading lady is very happy after getting all those bouquets?

Usher—Oh, no. She only got five.

Patron—Gracious! Isn't that enough?

Usher—No; she paid for six. I believe—Philadelphia Press.

## The Importance of Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

He Chews Toothpicks in Front of Swell Restaurants, but Is Run Down at Last in a Quick Lunch Cave.



### DISADVANTAGE.



Jaggs—I'd hate to live up in Skagway.

Jaggs—Why?

Jaggs—A fellow'd have to wear so many clothes he'd never be able to find his latchkey.

### CAUGHT IN THE ACT.



He—I wonder if Mrs. Gayboy ever catches her husband flirting?

She—Oh, undoubtedly. They say that was the way she caught him.



### GOOD BUSINESS.



Limber Larkins—No, dis long hair ain't becomin' to me, I know. But de odder day a lady said I reminded her of her Willy at college, so I ain't gettin' it cut jus' yet.

### PATER'S OPINION.



He—What does your father think of me?

She—Oh, he thinks you are a brick.

He—Does he, really?

She—Yes, and a gold brick at that.

## The Chorus Girl at the Horse Show

Was She There?—You Bet She Was!—And So Was Mamma De Branscombe and Louie Zinsheimer, and Mamma De Branscombe HOLLERED for Pigs' Knuckles.—Ain't She Terrible?

By Roy L. McCardell.

(Author of "Conversations of a Chorus Girl.")

ALL we there? Well, say, a Horse Show without me and Louie Zinsheimer would be like 'Hamlet' without any 'hams' in it," said the Chorus Girl as she toyed with her chrysanthemum.

"Of course Amy was with us, and her friend, and Mamma De Branscombe tagged along as a trailer.

"Say, she's like the answer printed with the riddle. A dead give-away. Louie and I led the grand march with a 'we-don't-know-these-people' air, but we couldn't lose Mamma for a minute.

"There she was with a net veil drawn down over her old false front, making it look like a bunch of sunburned seaweed, and every two minutes she was poking me in the back and saying 'Lulu, which is the Vanderbilts' box?—or the Goulds' or the Astors'.

"Charlie's mother and sister were there, too, with the rest of the boarding-house push, but I saw them first and set all signals against these as they came tearing down the line.

"As they passed us Charlie's mother made some crack to the daffy daughter about 'common people present'.

"But I pretended they weren't within range of vision and said to Louie loud, so's they could hear it: 'If you'd holles 'Heah' or 'Caah' here, the procession would stop'.

"That was a puncture for the pair, for Charlie's mother conducts a prune emporium, while his sister is a saleslady.

"I would have gotten away the evening all right, but just then Mamma De Branscombe poked me in the back and said: "Lulu, I'm jest dying for a pig's knuckle and a glass of beer'!

"Charlie's folks got one peek at the false front and her made-over mohair with its prehensile plaits, and they tilted right in my face. I felt like a stock star who's had her card handed back at a Broadway matinee.

"Amy, poor girl, can't see it, but her mother won't de east of Sixty avenue.

"Mamma De Branscombe in the flat, with one of my tea gowns on, passing round the bottled beer and the lady fingers, while Dopey McKnight, happy with his holdover, plays 'Them Cruel Words I Can't Forget' for me and Amy to sing. Is an ideal hostess, but the Horse Show is not for hers.

"Louie only grinned and said 'Ring the bell and let the car go on!' But then, what does a man care if his lady friend suffers a social humiliation? Louie was good-natured, anyway, just about that time, for he had caught sight of a customer with Able Wogglebaum and had said him a bill of goods while Charlie's folks were throwing the hooks into me.

"The customer with Able was a friendly Indian from Syracuse, who had a fit-en-quick, hand-me-down some kinda had unloved on him. Every time he breathed deep he bamboozled me with buttons.

"Once I saw him grab his garments before it was overwhelmingly too late, and all the rest of the evening then kids clothes were trimmed with a pained expression.

"Well, we went all over the whole show. It was like a lively stable convention. We went down stairs and looked at the thoroughbreds and ponies in the box stalls and said 'Ain't they cute!' just like all the other women did, and then went up stairs to see if any new dresses had come in. I ought have stayed there all evening looking at the gowns, but Mamma De Branscombe was setting up another yell about pig's knuckles. Say, she has the has-the-habit! And Louie Zinsheimer, saying accidentally that Dopey could get them past the lookout at Honest John Cheatemgood's, got the Syracuse sport excited, and Amy said she had a headache, and so we all took cake home.

"Louie and Able shook us to hunt Dopey to look up a game—I'm glad Dopey will get his bit for commiseration, for of course they all got trimmed—then places have only been open since election—and then we went upstairs to find some one had left the gas stove burning.

"Mamma De Branscombe said I'd been the last using it to not curling iron, and that caused words and I threw it up to her about being accused of committing kleptomaniacs in Sixth avenue stores, and Amy threatened to slap me, and Mamma De Branscombe got a bottle of beer and some cold tomatoes and macaroni out of the ice-box and ate it and said she'd been like a mother to me, and that nobody loved her and that she wished she was dead, and I kissed her and said I was sorry, and that I would love her and go out into the night so her my bread if it would make them any happier, and then Mamma De Branscombe said after all we should feel thankful that poverty was no disgrace, and went to bed to read 'A Mad Marriage; or, The Lunatic Lover,' and Amy and I got out the cards and told fortunes till 2 o'clock and then we went to bed.

"Say, don't you think the Horse Show is lovely?"

ROY L. MCCARDELL.

## Pointed Paragraphs.

It is probably a woman's funny bone that makes her laugh in her sleeve.

But few women show discretion in the selection of things to be left unsaid.

The reason the average man cannot tell a woman anything is because she would rather talk than listen.

Never tell a girl that her face looks like a picture; she'll think you think she painted the portrait herself.

A woman who probably knows says it is far more satisfactory to wait for a husband before marriage than it is afterward.

When a girl begins to speak of a male acquaintance as being a man after her own heart it's his fault if he doesn't get it.

Compression of the waist may be harmful, but if the right young man attempts it most girls are willing to take chances.—Chicago News.

## LETTERS, QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

### Yes, by Passing Examinations.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Is it possible for an enlisted man in the United States to become an officer?

Mrs. Place Was Electrocutted.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Was Martha Place electrocuted or not?

What Do Turtles Eat?

To the Editor of The Evening World: Will some reader who keeps pets please tell me what a turtle eats? I have one and it won't eat anything I give it.

A Devout Seaman.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Logs track a steamer from the West

Indies was discharging its cargo at a West street dock. Meantime arrived, and the thirty or forty greasy, ill-kempt vagabonds (nationally uncertain) crowded around the miserable galley, where each one received a smoking dish of some brownish green concoction, which from my point of vantage it was difficult to analyze. Most of the men, upon receiving their allowance, began operations at once; but I was attracted to one fellow who sat apart from the others with his food untouched. He walked as far as he could possibly go, and thinking that he was unobserved, removed his greasy hat and, on bended knees and with hands clasped, offered up his prayer of thanks before

tasting his mess.

The thought occurred to me at the time: How many of our so-called "better class" ever stop to offer up a prayer of thanks when dining at our sumptuous cafes, restaurants, or even at home?

They might do worse than pattern that much of their nature after this poor, uneducated deckhand.

STEPHEN G.

"Constance de Beverley."

To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the meaning of the picture called "The Trial of Constance de Beverley"?

Constance de Beverley, a character in Scott's poem, "Marmion," was a nun who fled from the convent dressed as a

boy. She was recaptured, tried (still in boy's dress) and condemned to be buried alive in a wall.

The Ruby Is August Birthstone.

To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the birthstone for August?

Would Reduce Weight.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Kindly let me know how I can reduce my weight.

Take plenty of outdoor exercise, do not sleep in the daytime, eat in moderation, avoid milk, sweets and starchy foods. Fast walking, boxing and baggunning are among the best weight reducers.